ANNIVERSARY EDITION



A Book of Songs by... LOWELL MASON

Commemoraling the 100th anniversary of the introduction of music into the schools of Boston, 1838







Through the courtesy of GERTRUDE N. MENDEL

Assistant in Music
Public Schools of Boston, Massachusetts
this book is reproduced
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possession, for the

EASTERN MUSIC EDUCATORS CONFERENCE

at

BOSTON, MARCH 14 to 17, 1939

by

SILVER BURDETT COMPANY



Lowell Mason, grandson of Lowell Mason, for the following descriptive note concerning "The Juvenile Lyre":

"One of the earliest instances in this country of group-singing in public by children occurred at the Park Street Church, Boston, on the Fourth of July, 1830,—an Anthem, composed and directed by Lowell Mason, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' So impressive was the outcome that its repetition was requested for the following day. The Anthem, subsequently published, may be seen in 'The Juvenile Lyre', first issued in 1831*, the first book of secular school-songs to be published in America, and from which the songs now sung at the Eastern Music Educators Conference are selected.

"On its appearance "The Juvenile Lyre' met with a hearty welcome, for here at last was a treasure-trove for young and old alike. To the child, hitherto starved through lack of intelligible songs, the delights of self-expression through music now became possible, while to the adult, music's potentially beneficial influences were made manifest as never before. Futhermore, wherever the book circulated — and its circulation was by no means inconsiderable — it played a telling part in kindling general and favorable interest in Lowell Mason's cherished plan of incorporating into the public school curriculum the subject of musical education for the young—a plan which, as is today well-known, was accomplished in 1838 only after years of unceasing perseverence."

^{*} The present Anniversary booklet was reproduced from the 1835 edition as shown on the title page.



JUVENILE LYRE:

OR

HYMNS AND SONGS,

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND CHEERFUL,

SET TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

FOR THE USE OF

PRIMARY AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

BOSTON:
CARTER, HENDEE, & CO.

1835.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of February, A. D. 1831, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Melvin Lord and John C. Hoibrook, of the said District, have deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

'Juvenile Lyre; or Hymns and Songs, Religious, Moral, and Cheerful, set to appropriate Music. For the Use of Primary and Common Schools.'

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the 'Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an Act entitled, 'An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints.'

JOHN W. DAVIS, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

It has been almost universally believed, that Providence has distributed the peculiar powers necessary for the successful cultivation of the art of singing, with a hand so very unequal, that the few who are favored, become musicians without difficulty, and almost without instruction or effort, while to the vast majority the attainment of any valuable degree of musical skill is almost entirely hopeless. In this supposed decision of Providence, mankind have generally acquiesced, and have allowed this art to remain solely in the possession of the few, not because they have regarded it as of little value, but because they have considered its attainment impracticable.

A change is, however, very rapidly taking place, upon this subject, in the public mind. Proofs of the very general, if not universal, power to understand the distinctions of musical sound, and to control, in accordance with them, the modulations of the voice, are multiplying. The number of the young who receive instruction, and make successful progress in this art, is rapidly increasing; and as the hope arises that this acquisition may be made by all, it is viewed with more attention, and its various advantages are more and more highly appreciated. Let us briefly mention some of them.

- 1. It is a most important means of promoting devotional feelings in the worship of God; and it is far more powerful in its effects upon those who join in it, than upon those who merely listen. It is to be hoped, that the time is coming, when none, who do not labor under peculiar incapacities, will consent to be excluded from this delightful part of divine service, or feel themselves excused from joining in the praises of their Creator.
- 2. Music is, in itself, a source of the purest enjoyment. It may occupy the vacant hours, express, innocently and happily, the lively feelings of childhood and youth, and afford rest and refreshment to the mind wearied with the cares and labors of life. The gladness of the heart is calmed, but deepened by its power; and sorrow almost becomes enjoyment, by being expressed in song.
- 3. It promotes health. As a mere exercise, it is considered by many physicians as a most valuable means of strengthening the lungs; but tranquillity of mind is of more value in restoring the bodily powers than mere muscular exertion. How soon does strong mental agitation derange every thing in the system? Grief refuses food;—terror becomes faint and pale;—and long continued anxiety will bring the strongest to the grave. Music reverses these effects, and while it calms the mind, invigorates the body.
- 4. Its influence is favorable upon the mental powers. From its very nature, it cultivates the habits of order and union. All must follow a precise rule, and act together in obedience to a leader; and the habit thus acquired in one pursuit, necessarily has its influence in others.
- 5. It improves the heart. No one will question its power to soften the character and elevate the feelings. It diverts, too, the young from amusements of a questionable character; and it is said that a reformation has, in more than one village and district, been effected, by introducing vocal music among the youth. In the schools upon the continent of Europe, it has been found materially to promote the

good order and discipline of the pupils; to render them more kind to each other, and more obedient to their teachers.

The full influence of music is only felt where it is combined with appropriate words, and is employed in fixing useful instruction in the mind, and elevated and devotional feelings in the heart. Good or evil principles may be fixed most deeply by its influence. The Marseilles Hymn has often nerved the arm to bloodshed, while the songs of Zion have brought to penitence many a sinful heart. It has been justly observed, that the ballads of a nation have more influence than its laws; and in a country, where the laws and the government are based upon the character of the people, it becomes of inconceivable importance that every avenue to the conscience and the heart be guarded by virtue and piety. It is with the hope of contributing to this result, that these songs are given to the public. A large portion of them are translated from works which were collected by the Rev. William C. Woodbridge,* during a recent visit to Germany, and placed by him in the hands of the Editors, with the hope of rendering them useful to the children and youth of this country.

They have peculiar claims to confidence, on the ground that they are derived from collections formed with great care, by individuals familiar with the wants and feelings of children; and have been found by experience admirably adapted to cultivate the powers, elevate the taste, improve the character, and cheer and animate the hearts of whole communities of children. They have also received the sanction of the public guardians of education in many parts of Europe, and form a part of that course of instruction which is deemed indispensable to a well organized school. Most of them have been translated by Mr. S. F. Smith,† in

^{*} Editor of the Annals of Education.

t Of the Theological Seminary, Andover.

vi PREFACE.

such a manner as to preserve the music as originally written. The same gentleman has also furnished several very beautiful original songs. A number have been taken from an interesting little volume of Poems for Children, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and a few from other sources. To these, original music has been written.

It will be seen that some of the songs are intended to be mere expressions of childish pleasure;—others, descriptions of the warmest and best feelings of the heart;—and others still associate moral and religious instruction with the objects we see, and the common events we witness; and thus serve to lead the child 'through nature up to nature's God.' Could we put such songs into the mouths of the numerous children of our country, who does not perceive the happy influence, which would be exerted on the feelings and manners and morals of the rising generation, on whose character the future destiny of the country depends?

LOWELL MASON, E. IVES, Jr.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
All the week we spend (The Sabbath School)	25
And they brought unto Jesus young children (Recitative)	69
Arouse up, ye sleepers	58
Arrayed in robes of morning (The Rising Sun)	67
A star shines in the heavens	31
Blest the day's returning	27
Bliss is hovering, smiling everywhere	52
By the moon, so brightly shining (Sailing on the Water)	29
Charming little valley	28
Chirping little cricket	62
Come, children, and now to the garden we'll go	36
Down in a green and shady bed	30
Friends, awake! (The Morning Call)	9
For our life so young and pleasing (Prayer before School)	50
From his humble, grassy bed (The Lark)	23
Glide along our bonny boat (Boat Song)	12
Good night	47
Hear the bird singing (The Whippoorwill)	13
How beautiful the morning (Summer Morning) .	48
How bright and fair	24
How sweet is the day	26
How sweet 't is to play	65
How sweetly peal (The Wood Horn)	60
Humble is my little cottage	21
I am a cuckoo (The Cuckoo)	44
I am a little weaver	.56
If aron I am	00

CONTENTS.

In the cool and leafy grove
Kind the spring appears (Spring Flowers) 15
Like a May day (Round) 40
Little cooling meadow spring 11
Little Vale, &c. (Salutation to the Village) 37
Look! the black cloud (The Thunder Storm) 43
Mary had a little lamb 61
Morning star and evening star 68
Now gloomy night is gone (Morning Song) 54
Now the gloomy winter days (The Bright Hearth) . 41
Now the summer days are past (Winter Song) 64
O come to the garden
O how delightful 't is to walk
O Lord! while angels praise thee 46
O mother, dearest mother (Longing to walk) 16
On mountain top
Our Father in heaven (Lord's Prayer)
O see how bright (Our pleasant Village) 39
Rich after dull and shade-brooding night 63
See the light is fading (Evening)
See the rain is falling
See the stars are coming
See the sun, with golden rays , 18
Silent vale (Farewell to the Village) 38
Sleep, baby! sleep (The Cradle Song) 14
Suffer little children to come unto me (Anthem) . 69
The best of friends in heaven dwelleth 59
The pleasing spring has come again 32
The spring has come
The summer evening
The wintry winds are gone 42
Through the bushy fields 66
Through the lawns and groves (Little Wanderer's Song) 17
Within a vale (The Violet)
Ye shepherds, behold (The Shepherd)



All awake! See the sun with splendor beaming, O'er the distant waters streaming,

Brother wake! brother wake! wake! Sister wake! sister wake! wake!

For some new delight.

Pours his glorious light. All awake! all awake! wake!

With her joyful hymn!



We'll gather the lily and jessamine fair, And twine them with roses to garland our hair.

We'll cut all the sweetest to make a bouquet, To give to our teacher this warm summer day.

Then hie to our school-room, with joy and with glee, And sing our sweet ballads, so happy are we.

Sing the last verse very soft and repeat it loud.



Oft we wander to thy brink, Faint and thirsty from our play; And we gather as we drink, Strength and vigor for the day.

Often on thy border green, Plucking flow'rs, we sit and rest; When we rise, ourselves are seen, Pictured on thy glassy breast. 4

Many joys to thee we owe, Silver fountain, cool and clear, In thy cheerful stream we throw Every care and every fear

5

We are passing, like thy wave, Onward to our final home: †We shall slumber in the grave, But there is a heaven to come





Now we speed our shining way! Now rocking hither, Now rocking thither,

O'er the waters, blithe and gay! How we leave the shore behind!

Flies the mist before the wind! And as we glide Along the tide,

Onward then, our little boat! All our hours Are twin'd with flowers, While we on the bright wave float!



Hear him sgain with his varying song— Praise thy God! Praise thy God! 'Tis he that hath bless'd thee so long. Behold the full harvest and fruits of the field, And taste the rich pleasures and comforts they

yield—
Love thy God! Love thy God!
For he is so gracious and good.

When the dark tempest o'erwhelms thee wi'h fear-

Pray to God! Pray to God!
For then he will always be near;
And when thou art weary, with sorrow oppress'd,
Let Whippoorwill's music still calm thee to:est—
Trust in God! Trust in God!
For he is hoth faithful and just



Sleep, baby! sleep.
I would not, would not weep;
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his
eyes!

Sleep, baby! sleep.

Sleep, baby. sleep.
Near where the woodbines creep—
Be always like the lamb, so mild.

Be always like the lamb, so mild, A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:

3

Sleep, baby! sleep.

Sleep, baby! sleep.
Thy rest shall angels keep:
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep, baby! sleep.



Sister, on the ground
Many flowers we found;
Yet we will be seeking,
On the green bank sleeping,
By the rivulet,
Tender violet.

How it fills the air
With its fragrance there!
Lovely little flower,
Bending to the shower,
May we learn of thee
Sweet humility.





MOTHER. "My daughter, dearest daughter,

You must not go alone;

But wait and walk with brother, Where flowers so gay are blown."

DAUGHTER. "O mother, dearest mother,

My brother is a child; He kills the little songster That cheers the forest wild."

MOTHER. "Well, daughter, dearest daughter,

You must not go alone; Walk with your little sister,

Where flowers so sweet are strown."

DAUGHTER "O mother, dearest mother,

My sister is a child;

She plucks each little flower, That blooms so soft and mild."

MOTHER "Then take your book, my daughter,

And sit by me awhile, Till, on the polished water, The parting sunbeams smile."

"And we will walk together, Where the tall fir trees nod; And hear the pious cotter Sing evening praise to God."



What care we for all your pleasures, Ye that ride, or ye that sail? All our toil is but a tale, While we look for flowery treasures-New delights where'er we go, Can we weary?-No! no! no!

What care we how far we wander, Whether rough or smooth the way? Whether shines the sultry ray, Whether rolls the distant thunder ?-On we'll go till night-fall come, Then away to home, sweet home! 2 *

Come and pluck the beauteous flowers, See them smiling all around: Hark! I hear a charming sound Swelling from yon shady bowers! 'Tis the little timid thrush, Come and listen-Hush! hush! hush!

Thus, our warm affections plighted Through this earthly pilgrimage, We'll each other's cares assuage. Thus with heart to heart united, May we ramble hand in hand In that bright and better land.



What are they tomorrow!

Fleeting time conducts us on,
Let us cheerful follow,
Till we come where Jesus is,
Where there's no more sorrow.
Hasting onward to the grave,
Here we ask one favor,
Saviour lend us to thy throne,
O forsake us never.

And the freshness of the young

Lay their might and power aside-



On mountain top
The grazing cattle stray,
The tender lambkius play,
And all in gladness share
A bounteous Father's care.
On mountain top, &c.

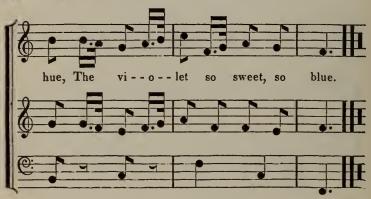
On mountain top

The sun with golden beam
Shines on the glitt'ring stream, At early dawn of day;
And on its grassy brink [drink. And as he lower bends,
The beauteous white flocks His soul to God ascends.
On mountain top, &c.

On mountain top, &c.

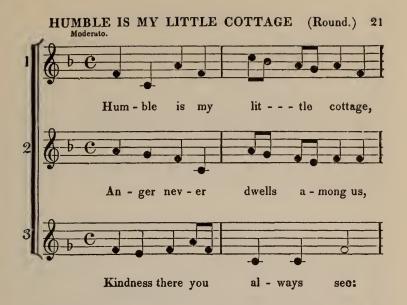


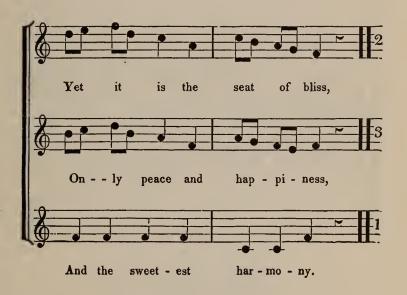




Mild from the moss it peep'd, In its gold bosom slept The spring-dew's gentle gleams, As pure, as pure, as liquid gems.

Amid the zephyr's play, It breathed its scent away Upon a pure sun-ray, And died, and died, in beauteous May.







My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away:
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.



Small his gifts compared to mine,
Poor my thanks with his compared:
I've a soul almost divine;
Angels blessings with me shared.
Wake, my soul, to praise aspire,
Reason, every sense accord,
Join in pure seraphic fire;
Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.



With joy and glee
We'll follow thee
Our life's long journey o'er:
Where'er we see thy lovely face,
Where'er thy beauteous steps we trace,
Till we shall stand
In yon fair land,
And Nature's God adors.



Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath-day;
Then our infant thoughts are fall
Of the precious Sabbath School.

To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought.
Gracious news and merciful,
How we love the Sabhath School!

Teachers you are kind,
Thus to point the road,
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God.
May we all be dutiful,
In the precious Sahhath School.

Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Fairest is the night
Of the Sahbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are fu
For the precious Sabbath School.



The sabbath-bell rings,
The full choir sings,
The minister prays;
And God's holy word
Devoutly is heard,
And given his grace.

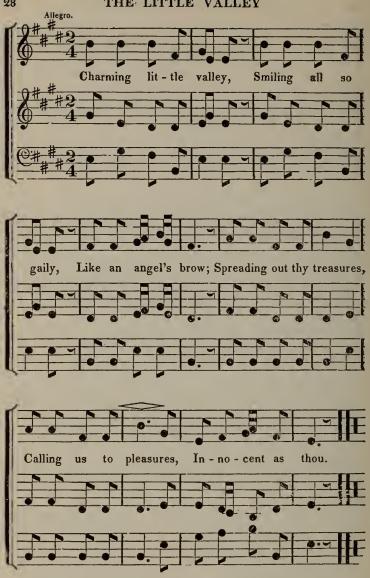
The dear place of prayer—
Our teachers are there,
To point us above;
Their hearts burn with zeal,
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.

To school, then, we'll go, For surely we know
Our sabbaths must end;
O then to the skies,
Redeemed may we rise
To Jesus our friend.



Great is the salvation
Sounded in our ears,
Sweet the invitation,
Which the humble hears.
As we learn the story
Of the God of glory,
Kind and merciful,
In the sabbath school.

Jet our minds be wakeful,
Foolish thoughts away;
Let our hearts be grateful
Every sabbath day.
While we learn the story
Of the Lord of glory,
Kind and merciful,
In the sabbath school.



Skies are bright above thee, Peace and quiet love thee, Tranquil little dell; In thy fragrant bowers Twining wreaths of flowers, Love and friendship dwell.

3 May our spirits daily Be like thee, sweet valley, Tranquil and serene; Emblem to us given Of the vales of heaven, Ever bright and green.



While our boat, a little ranger,
Through the meadows glides along,
Free from fear and free from danger,
Sing we now our little song.
Ocean's grandeur, ocean's treasure,
Ocean's beauty charm us not,
We are tasting sweeter pleasure,
Floating in this little spot.

3*

Vain is all that gold can offer,
Vain the sceptre and the crown;
False the happiness they proffer,
Fleeting all the joys they own.
With our humble lot contented,
This is all the boon we crave;
When life's voyage shall be ended
Peaceful rest beyond the grave.



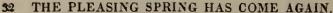


Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there it spread its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.
Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.



2 I knew the place at evening, Where in the sky it stood, Where doves all-day were cooin-O'er green and shady woos.

I looked to see it glimmer,
Up in the brilliant blue; For to its nightly station, It soon would come, I knew.

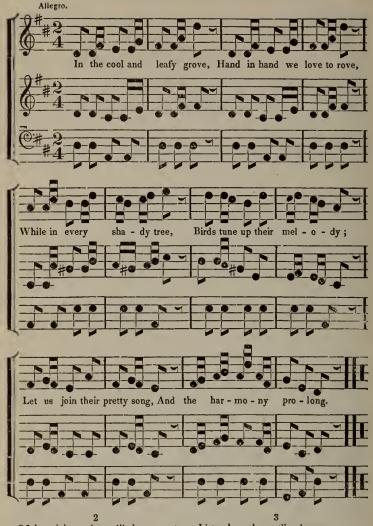




And well I know the cold deep snow
And winter storms are past;
Now merrily to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bnd,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.



Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever—Amen!



Of the mighty oaks we'll sing,
And the flowers that near them spring,
Of the trees above our head,
And the grass on which we tread;
Of the little verdant hills,
Purling brooks and running rills.

Listen how the rustling leaves, Ever quivering in the breeze, Send forth each a separate sound, To the echoing woods around;— Sounds of praise to him who made Pine clad hills and forest-glade.

See! around the brilliant flowers, Freshened by the evening showers; Bright by morning, bright by night, When comes, and when fades the light, In the cool and leafy grove, Hand in hand we love to rove.



The Spring is come! new life is gleaming O'er all the earth and brilliant sky; The warm sun on the world is beaming, And heaven is full of melody.

Oh listen, &c.

The Spring is come! away with duineas—Go to the rich and verdant fielos While morning glows in all its funess, Go taste the joys the spring-time yields And listen, &c.

COME CHILDREN, AND NOW TO THE GARDEN WE'LL GO



The blossoms we'll pluck with a childish delight, And get us a bunch of the red and the white.

We'll plant the dark roots, and the shoots we'll stick down, To weave us next may-day a flowery crown.

Again at our school, when the loud bell shall ring, Our books we will read, and our songs we will sing.







Off thy pleasant evening shadows
Make our troubled passions cease;
Off thy melody of rivers

Fills our souls with joy and peace; Village, tender thought promoting— Like the clouds in azure floating; Village in the silent vale, Lovely village! thee we hail! 3

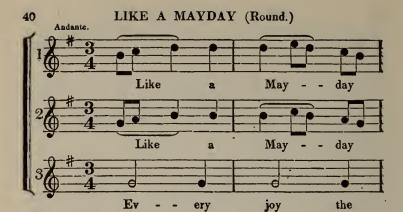
In thy green and sunny pastures, Near thy bright and glassy streams, Free from care, we love to wander,

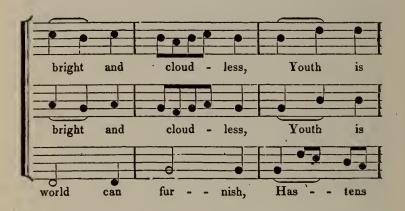
Cheered by summer's radiant beams. Scenes of sweetest recollection Sacred to the soul's reflection, Village in the silent vale, Lovely village! thee we hail!

4



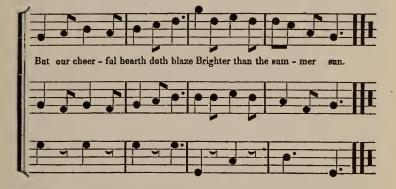












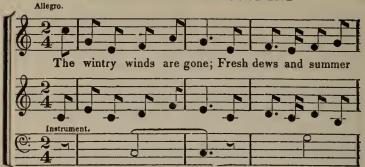
Here, my mother, we can stay With thee, in this pleasant room; Who would ask abroad to play, When so cheerful is their home?

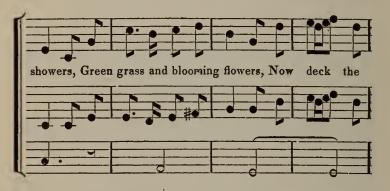
Soft the song of summer bird, Sweet the breath of summer flower, But a kind, a loving word, Comes with sweeter, softer power.

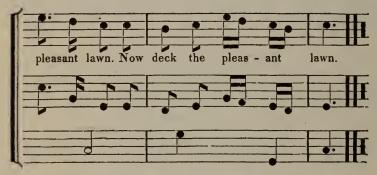
Mother, when the loving voice Checks or cheers, we will obey, And be silent, or rejoice Through this stormy, gloomy day.

And when evening shades appear, Brighter still will glow our hearth, Then our father will be here, And his smile will join our mirth.









Come, see the springing corn!
Come hear the soft winds singing!
Come hear their music ringing,
At crimson eve and morn.

Come to the land of song— The land of sweetest fragrance; Where pleasure throws its radiance, And music floats along.

Up to the hill-tops come— Where bloom the smiling flowers; And spring, with freshened powers, Awakes its insect hum.



Yet will I not shrink with fear, When the thunder crash I hear; Soon the rainbow will appear, And the storm be o'er.

In the summer's sultry day,
When the hot winds round us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more.

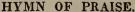
But the dark clouds fill the skies, And the vivid lightning flies: When the cooling winds arise, And our pains are o'er.

Never will I feel alarm, God can shield us from all harm; In the sunshine or the storm, God will I adore.

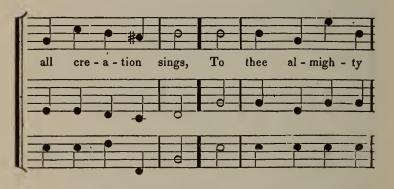


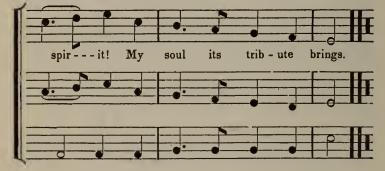


"Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll let me know
Why those stars he lighted
O'er our earth to glow."
"Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name."









The morning stars all praise thee; The heavenly host on high. The beams of early dawning, And purple evening sky.

The fragrant springing-flowers, And summer's glowing rays, The golden fruits of autumn, And winters frozen days.

With pleasure thou dost listen, To hear an infant sing, Thou wilt accept the praises That little children bring.

To thee I give my being, I consecrate my days; And every day my duty Shall be to sing thy praise.





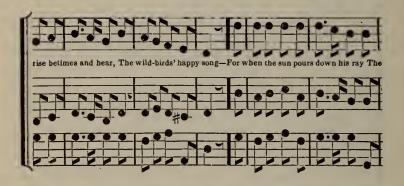


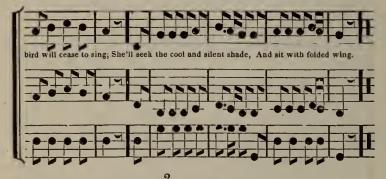


Good night!
To all a kind good night!
Angel like while earth is sleeping,
Stars above their watch are keeping,
As the star of Bethlehem, bright!
Good night.

Good night!
To all a kind good night!
Slumber sweetly till the morning,
Till the sun the world adorning,
Rise in all his glorious might!
Good night.







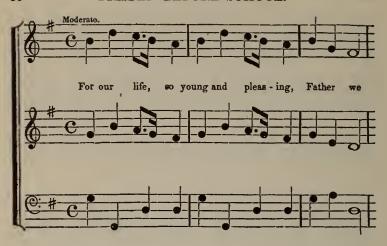
Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the flowers—
Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

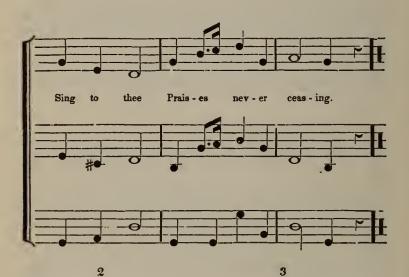


2

The moon shines brightly;
The birds rest lightly,
Among the trees:
The reapers singing,
Are homeward bringing Their yellow sheaves.

Now day is over— The little rover Must be at rest-Till purple morning, Awakes the dawning, In glory drest.





Let us, filled with pious feeling, Waked from rest, Neatly drest, Humbly now be kneeling. Give us, Lord, a zeal for learning, Mercy we Seek from thee; Make our minds discerning.

4

May we, through the love of Jesus,
Feel thy power
Every hour,
From our sins to save us.



The gentle winds are whispering Among the leafy branches, And little insects on the wing, Are wheeling merry dances.

The air with sweetest fragrance breathe.
The hills are deck'd with flowers;
And all the scene is beautiful,
As rainbows after showers.



In the tall tree top it lingers, In the nest of feathered singers; Innocence unseen is ever near.

3

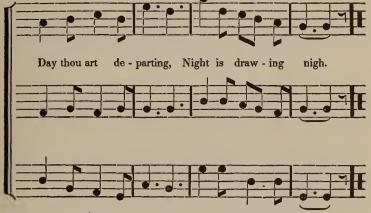
Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near; From the green bank deck'd with flowers, Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;— Pleasure echoes-coloes-far and near.

See the blossoms all unfolding, Each its beauteous station holding;—

Up-and weave us now a flowery crown.

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng; Sings the Cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.





Evening winds are breathing Through the forest green, Crimson clouds are wreathing In the sky serene.

See the stars appearing All around so bright, Emblems ever cheering Of eternal light.



Grant us thy watchful care, To save from ev'ry snare, O make us good and holy, And teach us to be lowly, And kind in every feeling, And to each other yielding.

If pain and want we bear, Be thou our Saviour there, To shine upon us brighter, And make the sorrows lighter, That are to mortals given To make them fit for heaven.

4

Lord, give us daily food, And make us mild and good; And when the clouds of evening Their glowing forms are weaving, We'll look to thee our Saviour And praise thee for thy favor!



Then turning, the shepherd, with joy-crowded thought, Through evening's first twilight, his sweet home sought.

He bade kind adieu to the stars o'er his head— The Shepherd's days flew, but his peace ne'er fled.

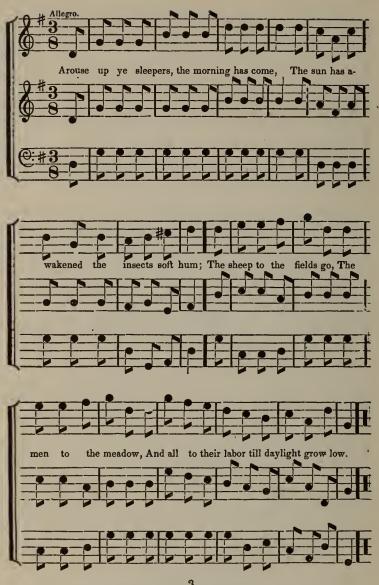
As brilliant the dreams round his quiet sleep rise, As Abel's the Shepherd of Paradise.



I care not for the dainties, and all the spleodid things,
That from beyond the ocean, the rich man's vessel brings ;
My daily food, so bumble, I am content to eat,
Nor will I ever envy the wealthy, or the great.



Now the rain is over— See the painted bow O'er the cloudy hill-top All its colors show! God is ever faithful— Let us all be grateful For the rain and dew And the cloudless blue

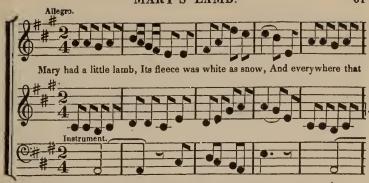


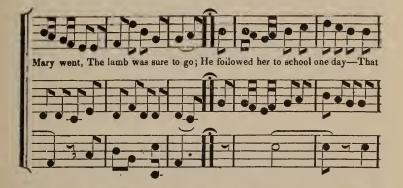
O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams,
The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams;
Your downy bed leaving,
Go forth till the evening,
Its fragrant air breathes, and the night-warblers sing.

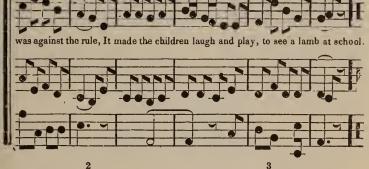


Inconstant man is ever changing—
But like a rock my Saviour, stands;
And I can go and come in safety,
Supported by his powerful hands;
Though friends may fail and friendships end,
He is a never changing friend.









So the teacher turned him out, But still he lingered near, And waited patiently about, Till Mary did appear; And then he ran to her, and laid His head upon her arm, As if he said-I'm not afraid-You'll keep me from all harm. What makes th' lamb love Mary so! The eager children cry-

'O Mary loves the lamb, you know,' The teacher did reply;-

'And you each gentle animal In confidence may bind, And make them follow at your call, If you are always 'cind.



While the world is sleeping,
Cricket, thou art peeping,
In the rustling trees;
Wakeful as the starlight
Morning, Noon, and Midnight
Chirping, chirping, chirping,
Chirp away in peace.

Soon the leaves o'ershading, Will be seared and fading, Scattered on the breeze; While the days are lovely, O then let us hear thee, Chirping, chirping, chirping, Chirp away in peace.



Softly distil the dew-drops of dawn, O'er herb and flower and garden and

As the dew-drops to the flower, Man, to thee is heavenly grace; O be thou, then, to thy race, As the dcw-drops to the flower.

Kindly the bower with shades overspread, Pure from the storm's dread cloud-tents Shield from hot noon the languishing head.

Like a bowery shade in summer, Man, to thee is heavenly grace; O be thou, then, to thy race, Like a bowery shade in summer.

Bearer of plenty, pure from the mount, Pours o'er the fields the bright-gushing fount.

As a fount to sun-parched-pastures, Man, to thee is heavenly grace; O be thou, then, to thy race, As a fount to sun-parched pastures.

unfurled,

Streams forth the flag of peace o'er the world:

Like the rain-bow after tempest, Man, to thee is heavenly grace; O be thou, then, to thy race, Like the rainbow after tempest.

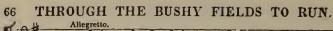


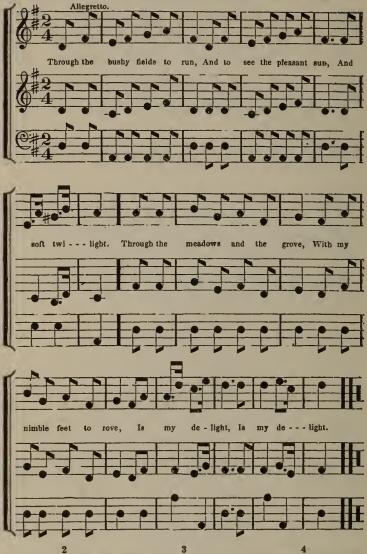
Come around the pleasant fire, See how sprightly it is burning! Evening lights the tall church spire; All are to their homes returning: Let us try to spend it well, Till we hear its closing bell. Soon the spring of life will end: Fast our youthful days are flying' To the grave our footsteps tend, Where the frozen snows are lying: Father, when our age is past, O receive our souls at last.



How pleasant to look
In the murmuring brook,
And hear its soft sound!
How happy are we!
How nimble and free
We run o'er the ground!
6*

Now gone is the light,
Quickly comes the dark night,
All still is the vale:
We'll go to our rest,
Nor wake till red-breast
Renews his soft tale.





When so happy and so gay In the bower of shady trees, From the lofty hill to see Sky serene and rolling sea, Mongst the lovely flow'rs I Shaken by a gentlo breeze, stray, When fades the light,

And clouds of white: And some pretty song to

All fair and bright; Little Robin there to hear, Then to pluck a rose for you Singing praises without four, While I hear the echo ring, Fresh and sparkling with the Is my delight.

Is my delight.

dew, Is my delight.



O welcome glorious image Of Justice reconciled; So great and so majestic, But yet so soft and mild. With grateful hearts and voices
We hail thy kindly rays;
All nature now rejoices,
And sings aloud thy praise.

O shed thy radiance o'er us,
And cheer each youthful mind;
Like thee our Lord is glorious,
Like thee our God is kind



Every where, and every hour, I behold him condescending, Watching o'er me, evermore, Messengers of beauty sending, Morning-star and evening-star.

Let this tho't e'er with thee go, Soul, to sanctify thy hours,— While you heav'nly fountains flow, Gently fresh'ning all thy powers, Morning-star and evening-star

To thy Saviour, nature's King, Let thy grateful song aspire! Him yon suns adoring sing, Angels hymning on the lyre— Morning-star and evening-star.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."



* Sung by the Juvenile Choir of Park Street Church, July 4, 1830













